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NEW YORK.

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BOOK OF COMIC SONGS AND RECITATIONS.

Jack of All Trades.

A gentleman once, I'd a train of my own,
But my train is all docked, and I'm left all alone,
And now, as I never had pride, though I'd pelf,
I don't mind becoming a servant myself.
 At table I can wait,
 Clean a knife, or change a plate,
Quick as thought, when there's company or gay day;
 Mount a nag behind my lord,
 Whene'er he goes abroad,
Or dangle at the heels of my lady :
 After wine-cellar look
 Fatten poultry, garden, cook.
A monstrous variety of small trades !
 Make stews, clean shoes ;
 Friz a wig, kill a pig ;
 Brew, bake, broil a steak :
 Clean house, milk cows ;
 Cheese turn, butter churn ;
 Mend clothes, darn hose ;
 Run of errands, O, I warrant
You'll find me complete Jack of all trades.

Militia Muster Folk.

AIR :—" Voulez vous dancier."

Now Militia muster folk,
 Friends and neighbors,
 Glory's labors
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke,
 Then bring your guns and sabres;
 Or if arms you have not got
 Bring your pitchforks and what not—
 Umbrellas,
 My good fellows,
 Bean-stalks, fishing-rods, I wot.

Spoken.—Ay, ay, my friends and neighbors, we must make no distinction of the personages now. The tradesman must be lost in the officer, the gentleman sunk in the soldier—so come, fall in, or we shall fall out—form a line there, form a line, if you please. Why, bless me! do you call that a line? Why, you're zigzag at both ends, and crooked in the middle. Now do, gentlemen, alter. Neighbor Gizzard, don't you see your inside is quite hollow, and that it wants filling up. Yes, and so would yours, if you'd come out without your breakfast, as I have. You should put a biscuit in your pocket, when you come to drill; but come, we must get on. Stand at ease! Neighbor Cripplegait, why don't you stand at ease? I can't, Major; for these here last breeches you've made me are so tight, they screw me like a vice. Well, send 'em back after exercise, and they shall be let out. Now then, eyes right, you there with the spectacles. I wish I could put my eyes right, Mr. officer; but all your tactics won't alter my optics, because you see I squints. Now, gentlemen, you with the guns, come forward. You with the umbrellas, wheel to the right. You with the bean-stalks and fishing-rods, turn to the left; and you with the pitch-forks and spits, go behind, and mind you don't stick them in any one's stibble end. Now shoulder—I didn't say arms. Well, but you might have said it, you know. Fall back, fall back, there. What the devil do you leave the ranks for, Pry? Only come out, Captain, to ask if there had been any reduction on broad cloths, and what the news were? Pooh, nonsense! Farmer Waddel, what do you do out of the ranks? Why, I beez going at command of *Colonel Forbes*, to the back of that there hedge! Gentlemen, we shall never finish, if we begin in this manner—fall in, fall back.

Now, Militia muster folk,
 Friends and neighbors,
 Glory's labors
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—
 Then hey for guns and sabres.
 The manœuvring now begins,
 Dressing, form,
 Charming charming,

Now they exercise their pins,
 Marching, counter-marching.
 Now the corps is at fault,
 Now they wheel, and now they halt,
 Hours employing
 In deploying,
 Till their throats are parching.

Spoken.—Halt! halt! halt!—why, gentlemen, you've left the rearguard behind. Yes, so we have, we're beforehand with them. Now, gentlemen, we're going to exercise, and in order that all may be correct, I'll give the word from my book of the New System. "Rules and regulations for regulating the rules that rules the regulars." Stand at ease! Attention! Shoulder arms! Fix bayonets! Why, Captain, how are we to fix bayonets when our guns are on our shoulders? Oh! I beg pardon, I've turned over two leaves at once. Order arms! Unfix bayonets! Why, we haven't fixed them yet, Captain. That's true, but never mind. Ground arms! why, bless me, brother Falter, you've tumbled down—I hope you haven't hurt yourself? Yes I've cut my nose, and bled a bushel, I guess. Yes, he's wounded in the service, and shed blood in the cause, I calculate. Yes, and there's one gentleman has run his bayonet into a very tender part of my frame, and I've only to inform this here corps that I am not bomb proof. What have you put up your umbrella for, Sandy? Because I guess we shall have a pretty considerable damn'd heavy shower of rain soon, and though you may expect us to be able to stand fire, I believe there is no rule to oblige us to stand water. Why, egad, that's true, and it is beginning to rain, sure enough—forward, umbrellas! shoulder umbrellas! fall in three deep! take close order! prepare umbrellas! now, then, fire umbrellas! that's right—they are all up—this is what you may consider covering the regiment with a masked battery—there, it's all over now, so we'll go on again.

Yes, Militia muster folk,
 Friends and neighbors,
 Glory's labors
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—
 Then hey for guns and sabres.
 Every heart with ardor burns,
 Pants for glory,
 Lives in story,
 Each all thought of yielding spurns,
 Like a true-born Yankee.
 Now Columbia's valiant sons
 Prove that they are sons of guns,
 Fire and thunder,
 Spreading wonder,
 But no harm done, I thank ye.

Spoken.—Gentlemen, to avoid accidents, and perform our evolutions with military precision, you in the front row must kneel, and you in the second row must stand up; this is what we call *platonie* firing;—but mind, the gentlemen in the second row are not allowed to shoot the gentlemen's heads off in the front row; and if any gentlemen in the front row should fall down, the persons behind them shall pick them up again. Now, return ramrods—Eh! bless me, Master Clayskull, what are you doing? Why, I'm returning my ramrod to neighbor Longstaff; I borrowed it of him the last time we went out shooting together, and now I'm giving it to him back again; if that ain't returning ramrods, you may do the exercise yourself another time. Gentlemen, if any of you should bite your cartridge at the wrong end, just be good enough to spit the ball out again. Make ready. Who's that firing before the time? for shame, friend! Quick, present—really, gentlemen, this is a waste of powder; I never heard anything so bad as—there, again—now! gentlemen, fire! Really, I never heard such irregular firing in a regular regiment. Fishing-rods, I never heard your report. Eh! why, gentlemen, what are you all dancing about in that manner for?—stand at ease!—attention! damn the muskitoes—shoulder arms!—march.

Bravo, Militia muster folk,
 Friends and neighbors,
 Glory's labors,
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—
 Then hey for guns and sabres.

Wit Made Easy.

OR, A HINT TO WORD CATCHERS.

A.—Here comes B., the liveliest, yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress. "Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well."

B.—"I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight."

A.—"Good. Well, how do you do?"

B.—"How? Why, as other people do. You would not have me eccentric, would you?"

A.—"Nonsense, I mean how do you find yourself?"

B.—"Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost."

A.—"Incorrigible dog! come now, to be serious."

B.—(*Comes closer to A. and looks serious.*)

A.—"Well, what now?"

B.—"I am come to be serious."

A.—"Come now; nonsense, B., leave off this." (*Laying his hand upon his arm.*)

B.—(*Looking down upon his arm.*) “I can’t leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.”

A.—“Ah, ha! you make me laugh in spite of myself. How is Jackson?”

B.—“The deuce! how is Jackson? Well, I should never have thought of that! How can Howe be Jackson? Surname and arms, I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him gazetted.”

A.—“Good bye.”

B.—(*Detaining him.*)—“Good bye! What a sudden enthusiasm in favor of some virtuous man of the name of Bye! ‘*Good Bye!*’ to think of Ascot standing at the corner of the street, doting aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye.”

A.—“Ludicrous enough. I can’t help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us, and tickling may give pain.”

B.—“Don’t accept it, then. You need not take every thing that is given you.”

A.—“You’ll want a straight-forward answer some day, and then—”

B.—“You’ll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that’s your affair, not mine. You’ll astonish the natives, that’s all.”

A.—“It’s great nonsense, you must allow.”

B.—“I can’t see why *it* is greater nonsense than any other pronoun.”

A.—(*In despair.*)—“Well, it’s of no use I see.”

B.—“Excuse me; *it* is of the greatest use. I don’t know a part of speech more useful. *It* performs the greatest offices of nature, and contains in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the work. *It* rains; *it* is fine weather; *it* freezes; *it* thaws; *it* (which is very odd) is one o’clock; *it* has been very frequently observed; *it* goes; here *it* goes; how goes *it*? which by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is, it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short—”

A.—“In short, if I wanted a dissertation on *it*, now’s the time for it. But I don’t; so good bye.”

Teddy O’Brian’s Adventures.

AIR:—“Be a Good Boy.”

When I was at home, in old Ireland, so frisky,
From morning to night, faith, I swigged at the whisky;
I oft got blind drunk, sure, and that is the way
To see all things double, I’ve heard people say.
One day, in this state, sure, I went to my Shalah,
And with my shellelagh I rang such a peal, ah!
Arrah, Teddy, says she, you’re a comical bore,
But don’t you be after, now, breaking the door.

Spoken.—Och, sure! now, says she, Teddy O'Brian, and will you be after being aisy, now, till I open the door?—Och, bad luck to you, says I, if you're going to be after keeping me outside all night; just let me be after coming in, and set down till you open the door; so, after a little blarney, I got her to let me in; so I bolted into the parlor, and when I sat down I stood up and said—Och, my dear, darling Shelah, says I, if I haven't been drinking your health in a noggin of the cratur, and success to your beautiful eyes, (for, you must know, my Shelah had two elegant eyes, only the misfortune was, she could never see out of one of them at all, at all, faith, and she couldn't see out of the other either when she swigged at the cratur!) but Shelah, said I, who was that talking to you when I thumped at the door? Oh, may whisky be my poison, says she, if it was anybody at all, at all, Och, Shelah, says I, don't be after cramming me; so with that I got up, and looked in the other room, and there was Loo-ney Mactwolter; so I began to lay my shellelagh about him, sure, and he slipped about like a live eel after it's dead; and he just stood long enough to take to his heels. Och, says Shelah, and what are you beating the man for? Sure, says I, I am only doing what you was—amusing myself with nobody at all, at all; but good night, Shelah! Och, and won't you be after staying with me, my darling? says she. Oh, no, if you catch me here again, I'll give you leave to spoil my singing—

Too ral lal loo, &c.

So I clapped all my property top of my back,
 And off, sure, to New York I set in a crack,
 Where I met an old friend, Mr. Dermot O'Shee,
 Who never before was acquainted with me.
 Och! says he,—what d'ye come for, my nate little honey?
 Says I,—nothing at all, my dear soul, but the money!
 Arrah, Teddy, says he, you're a comical gill,—
 But won't you be after now taking a swill?

Spoken.—Och, come along, my dear fellow, and we will be after mugging ourselves over a noggin. But, Teddy, and what is it you're after maning to do? Och, sure, says I, and don't I mane to be after mending the roads? Och, the devil burn me, says he, but they've got a new way of making roads by breaking them to pieces. Now you don't be humming me, said I. Och, by my soul, said he, but it's true; and they have found out the way how to break the heart of a stone! Sure, and that isn't the worst of it either, for, bad luck to them, but they're making cast-iron stones; and they're going to be after boring New York now with a tunnel. Och, said I, I thought it was too full of *hollowness* and deceit already; and the tunnel must only be an opening for more. Why, so it is, says he, and while they keep on making them so fast, we may never expect to be brought to a *close*! Well, and

what shall I be after doing now? says I. Och, Teddy, and I'll tell you:—don't be after ating anything at all for a week; and live all the time on bread and water; and then, sure, you may be after showing yourself for a *living skeleton*. Och, says I, but won't the people be after seeing *into* me? Och, never mind that, Teddy. Well, but Dermot, what shall I say of myself? You must call yourself *Boneall*; say you come from *Corsica*; apologize for the bareness of the subject, and tell them you are not a *bone* for the doctors to pick, be they ever so inclined; and let them know a *bonus* must be given for admission. Och, by the powers, said I, and won't I be after doing it, and then I shall be after boning a dacent sum; but, sure, I have tried it for this week past, and lived upon nothing at all but victuals and drink, but the devil a bit thinner can I get; and so now, my dear friends, if you don't encourage me with the work of your own hands, you'll be after spoiling my singing—

Too ral lal loo, &c.

Independence.

TEXT.—Independence is the thing,
And we're the boys to boast on't.

MY HEARERS:—Next Thursday is the birthday of American Liberty—the day upon which our Star-Spangled Banner first waved in the fair breeze of Freedom—the day that the proud eagle of the mountain first looked down from his eyry on a free and independent nation—the day upon which the fat, ragged, and saucy children of Columbia brokeloose from the apron-strings of their mother-country and kicked up their heels for joy, like so many colts released from the bondage of winter confinement. You ought on this occasion, to be as full of glory as a gin-bottle, that this blessed aniversary is about once more to dawn upon your heads, and find you reaping the harvest of those blessings which your fathers sowed in revolutionary soil, watered with their own blood, and manured with their own ashes. Yes, you ought to throw up your caps, and make the halls of Freedom ring with loud huzzas, and then sit down and meditate on the groans, and the pains of travail, which attended this mighty Republic during the delivery of her first born—LIBERTY.

My friends, next Thursday the celebration will take place. Then the whole nation will be alive like a beggar's shirt; there will be a general stirring up of the genus homo from one end of the nation to another. The fires of enthusiasm will be kindled in every breast; and many of those who lack in patriotic glory, will, doubtless, supply themselves with the article at the booths round the Park.

But, my dear friends, this sixpenny patriotism is most horrible stuff; it is patriotism of the head, and not of the heart. It makes you feel too independent altogether. It induces you to fight in

times of peace, and takes all the starch out of your courage in times of war. While this artificial patriotism is effervescing in your cocoa-nuts, your boasts of independence are loud and clamorous; but when its spirit has evaporated, you are the veriest serviles that ever writhed under the lash of despotism. If you suppose, my friends, that the proper way to observe our national independence is by drinking brandy slings and gin cock-tails, you are just as mistaken as the boy was who set a bear-trap to catch bed-bugs.

My dear hearers: I like to hear you boast of your independence, if it be not done in a vain and bragadocioal spirit, and my gratuitous prayer is, that you may maintain it as long as you are permitted to squat this side of the deep, still river of death. To preserve your collective strength, your hearts, your feelings, and your pure sympathies must be all joined together, like the links of a log-chain. You must all hang together, like a string of fish, and stick to one another through thick and thin, like a bunch of burdocks in a bell-wether's fleece. Remember, my friends, that with all your boasted independence, you are poor, weak, miserable, dependent beings. That same Almighty hand which provides you with soup and shirts, beef and breeches, can take them all from you in a little less than a short space of time, and leave you as naked as an apple-tree in winter. Yes, my friends, you must recollect that you are dependent, as well as independent; and that all the favors you receive are donations from heaven, brought down by angels of mercy, and distributed impartially among the grabbing, snatching, and thieving sons of sin.

Artemus Ward's Advice to New Englanders.

FELLER CITEERSUNS.—I hav bin onored with a invite to orate be4 you on this grate & gellorius day. The feelins which I feel on this occasion is more easier imagined than described. Wethersfield is distinguis'd for her onyuns and patertism the World over, and to be requested to paws and address you on this my fust perfeshernal tower to New Englan, rayther takes me down and fills my sole with various kinds of emoshuns. I cum befour you with no hily manured intelleck. You wont git no floury langwidge out of me. Ime a plane man—a exhibier of startlin curiositys. livin wild Beests & sich like, & what I shall say will be rite strate out and to the pint.

Ime no pollytishun, I have no enemys to reward or frends to sponge. Ime a Union man. I luv this Union from the Bottum of my Hart. I luv every hoop pole in Maine and every sheep ranch in Texas. The cow pastures of New Hampshire is as dear to A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississipy. There is mean critters in both of them air States and there is likewise good men and troo. It dont look very pretty fur a lot of inflammentary

(CONTINUED.)

individuals who never lifted their hands in defence of Ameriky, or did the fust thing towards skewering our independence, to git their backs up and sware they'll dissolve the Union.

Two mutch good Blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her at this late day. The old gal has behaved herself two well to cast her off now; at the request of a parsul of addle-braned men and he wimin, who never did nobody no good and never will again. Ime sorry the picters of the Goddess never give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars around her hed must continner to shine briter and briter so long as this Erth resolves round on her own axle tree. Ime for the Union now and forever, and may the hand of the fust onery cuss whither who attempts to bust her up.

FELLER CITTERSUNS:—I hain't time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflayers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues, and consigned their feller critters to the treadmill and pillery on the sliest provocashun, may hav bin very nice folks, in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile and will drop them all. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers "pese to their ashes." Thare was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolushun.

"We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my Show, they will stand a heap of prase. G. Washington was abowt the best man this world ever sot eyes on, and I hope them noble adies (may their shadders never grow less!) who are tryin to purchis his old humsted will hurry up their cakes, as if they don't it is hily probable the present owner will dig up his grate namesake's bones, put them in a glass cage, and go into partnership with sum enterprisin showman. I think the shivalrus man is adequate for any thing in a money-makin line.

To resoom—G. Washington was a clear heded, warm harted, brave and stidy goin man. He never SLOP OVER! The prevailin weakness of most publick men is to SLOP OVER! They git filled up & slop. They Rush Things. They travel two mutch on high presher principle. They git onto the fust poplar hoby hoss whitch trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited, and sound, or spavined, blind, and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventooouly if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind, they go Pel Mel with it, insid of exertin theirselves to set it right.

They cant see that the crowd which is now bearing them tri-

(CONTINUED.)

umphantly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never Slopt Over. That wasn't George's stile. He loved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends, we can't all be Washington's, but we kin all be patriots & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tail and drag him back to Morality.

FELLER CITTERSUNS :—Be sure and vote at least once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See too it that yer naber is there. See that the kripples are provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamus lise which the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitercal effect on the eve of electshun. To the poles! to the poles! & when you git there, vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see much to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar are abowt as snug-built peaces of Caliker as I ever saw. They are fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum en fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you Hart stop cuttin up.

Whitch affeckttin lines is either from the pen of Govner Morrill of Maine, or Doctur Watts, I disremember whiteh.

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Bevrige I despise. I allude to New Englan Rum. It is wus nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stun jugs, and will turn the stummuck of the most shiftlis Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down sum of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like an infooriated trooper. On takin the seekund glass I was seized with a desire to brake winders, and arter imbubin the third glass, I knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly kummented readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. I verily-do bleeve that if I'd histed in another glass I should hav bin desperit enuff to attack the Mount Vernon Papers.

It's drefful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's innards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you woud a wild hyeny with a fire brand tide to his tale, & while you are abowt it you will do a fust rate thing for yourself

(CONCLUDED.)

and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, say-in nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your innards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's fav rite bevridge.

My friends, Ime dun. I tare myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant odor of Onyuns abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mr. Catterline to the Rumuns, I go but perhaps I shall come back agin. Adoo, pepel of Wethersfield. Be virtuous, & you'll be happy.

Young Bodkin and Molly Jenkins.

Young Bodkin was a tailor bold,
And his love he did unfold
To cruel Molly Jenkins;
He soon began to curse his lot,
For blacksmith Bob her heart had got,
Who *struck the iron while 'twas hot*,
And married Molly Jenkins.

To the river Bodkin ran,
And drowned the ninth part of a man,
For love of Molly Jenkins;
When she heard it she did sigh,
Poor soul! he's wet and I am dry,
So I think I'd best wet t'other eye—

Cruel Molly Jenkins.

Bodkin's ghost, as it appears,
Came one night all with his shears,
"O lud!" cried Molly Jenkins,
"The doors are locked; what's your design?
How you got in I can't divine;"
Said he, "My ghost is *superfine*,
Cruel Molly Jenkins."

Said she, "Since you your shears have got,
'Tis plain you mean that we must *cut*."

Said he, "No, Molly Jenkins;
Along with me you must decamp,
Unto my grave, so cold and damp;"
She gave a squall—it was the cramp
Which wakened Molly Jenkins.

MORAL.—Ye tailors, mark what I relate,
Take *pattern* from poor Bodkin's fate,
Who died for Molly Jenkins;
And, ladies, when sly Cupid reigns,
Lest trouble should reward your pains,
Don't, like a blacksmith, *forge* the chains,
But think on Molly Jenkins.

I sing of a warrior bold,
 Who was fond of both murder and strife, sir;
 On his back he'd a hump, I've been told,
 And his shins were as sharp as a knife, sir;
 His days he passed over in shame,
 (Believe me 'tis true every word, sir;)
 He gained much tyrannical fame,
 And his name it was Dicky the Third, sir.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

This comical outlandish dog,
 With ambition grew very big, sir;
 He grunted and growled like a hog,
 And stuck Harry Just like a pig, sir;
 "Down, down to hell, rascal," he cried.
 "'Tis a proper place for thee to enter;
 Go, tell brother Nick how you died,
 And tell him also that I sent you.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now Dick bit his fingers and nails,
 And with passion got near out of breath, sir;
 To think what a number of tales
 He must tell to account for his death, sir;
 "I have it," he cried, "people may
 Inquire with wonder how fell he,
 But sure it is easy to say
 He died with the cramp in his belly."

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then soon were the people appeased,
 Which made him more thirsty for glory;
 He felt himself very well pleased,
 To hear they had swallowed his story;
 But still he'd not finished his plan,
 Oh! no, for a very good reason;
 He had to destroy Lady Anne,
 For fear he should get hanged for treason.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now Dicky to finish his work,
 Had many more schemes to contrive, sir;
 He grinned and he swore like a Turk,
 For still were two princes alive, sir;
 "By jingo!" he cried, with a frown,
 "I have those young dogs in my power;
 And to make me more sure of my crown,
 I'll invite them to sleep in the tower."

Rum ti iddity, &c.

To their nunky they soon were both led,
 But against the whole plan were their hearts bent :
 They didn't much fancy the bed,
 Nor did they much like the apartment ;
 They stirred up a deuce of a row,
 But to end any more altercation,
 Consented, by making their bow,
 Just to please their good hump-back relation.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then down they both laid to repose,
 And never did mortals sleep sounder ;
 Two men stopt their mouths with the clothes,
 And killed them both dead as a flounder ;
 Then Dick softly crept to the door,
 Cried, "tell me if we are alone, sir ;"
 "'Tis done," cries a son of a gun,
 "So you'd better make haste to your throne, sir."

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Now soon did the sad news take flight,
 'Bout the death of these two murdered princes ;
 The people saw all was not right,
 And their faces looked sour as quinces ;
 One Richmond, in angry talk,
 'Gainst poor Dicky did loudly complain, sir ;
 Swore he'd cut up his carcase like pork,
 And shorten the days of his reign, sir.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then soon in a field they both met,
 Poor Dicky was pricked by remorse, sir ;
 He bawled out aloud 'till he sweat,
 "My kingdom I'll give for a horse," sir !
 "Your kingdom," cried Richmond, "good lack,
 'Tis mine, or the devil is in it ;"
 Then whipt out his guts in a crack,
 And sent him to hell in a minute.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

Then home trudged good Richmond, so gay,
 Was cheered as he passed through the town, sir ;
 And, indeed I have heard some folks say,
 He got for his trouble a crown, sir ;
 So thus ends my wonderful tale,
 Take care not on justice to trample !
 And as long as you live never fail
 To take warning by Dick's sad example.

Rum ti iddity, &c.

FELLOW-REPUBLICANS AND FELLOW-SUFFERERS:—I am a plain and modest man, born at an early period of my existence. I have struggled from the obscurity, to which an unlucky star had doomed me, till I have risen like a bright exaltation in the evening to the summit of human greatness and grandeur. Gentlemen, I profess no principles—unfortunately I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my birth, a dismal and melancholy man, clothed in the somber hues of mourning, swapped me for another baby, and subsequently lost me at a raffle. Sad event. But who can control his fate? We are the creatures of destiny—"there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." I was intended by nature for a great statesman. Had I lived in the days of Hannibal, I should have beaten that great chieftain in crossing the Alps; and it is a dead certain thing, that I could have distanced Cortez in crossing the Isthmus. He never performed the feats I have did; he never came up the Chagres River in a canoe, with a deaf and dumb "hombre," without a red cent, or change of summer apparel. "But a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes merrily through the world."

Sir, every man who has come here is a Columbus! He comes here to discover new diggins. I am a Columbus. I was dead broke at home, as Columbus was, and I have come here to strike a new vein. But I am not going to the mines! Oh, no. You don't catch me up to my waist in ice-water with a juvenile pick-axe and an incipient crow-bar, laboring under a sun of one hundred degrees in the shade, to dig out filthy lucre. No, sir! I am not on that lay. I hate labor—it was an invention to vex mankind. I prefer an office, one that is lucrative and not laborious; what you call a sinecure. And if I cannot get one myself, I will go in for any man who will divide on the dead level and no splits. Sir, where will you find a glorious country like this? Talk not of the oriental gorgeousness of eastern countries. Tell us not of the fairy scenes which poets, who revel in the great warm bath of heavenly imaginations, paint with golden pens on leaves of satin. The description of this beautiful country should be written with the golden wand of an angel dipped in the softest rays of a sunbeam, upon the blushing and delicate surface of a rose leaf. Excuse me, gentlemen, I except only the rainy season and the time when the dust flies. We love our native land, we honor her flag,—and would rob the custom-house, if we had a fair show. But Congress must not put on airs, or we will take charge of the custom-house and post-office, and make a muss generally. Them is my sentiments, gentlemen.

The Sewing Machine.

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?

Does it go with a crank, or a treddle? Say,
I'm a single man, and somewhat green,
Tell me about your sewing machine."

Listen, my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've own'd one now for more than a year,
And like it so well, I call it "my dear;"
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, head achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber or steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes, and dainty foot,
And sports the charming gaiter boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any indefinite number of hoops.

None of your patent machines for me,
Unless dame Nature is the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding, as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the house-wife, lady, or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or do up your collars or things so nice.

What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

Tut, tut—don't talk. I see it all—
 You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall;
 I know what your fidgety fumlings mean,
 You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!
 Well, get one, then—of the same design—
 There were plenty left when I got mine!

The Ups and Downs.

A chap once told St. Patrick's dean,
 While rising from his seat, "I mean
 To set up for a wit."
 "Ah!" quoth the dean, "if that be true,
 The very best thing you can do
 Is down again to sit."

Too many, like that would-be wit,
 Set up for what they are not fit
 And always lose their aim;
 Set up for wisdom, wealth, renown,
 But end the farce by sitting down,
 With poverty and shame.

A middling farmer thinks he can
 Set up to be a gentleman,
 And then sit down content;
 But after many a turn and twist,
 Is set down on a pauper list,
 A fool, not worth a cent.

When farmers' wives and daughters fair
 Set up with silks and Bonnets rare,
 To look most wondrous winning;
 They sit upon a slippery stand,
 Till indigence, with iron hand
 Upsets their underpinning.

Some city ladies, too, whose gear
 Has made them to their husbands *dear*,
 Set up to lead the *ton*;
 Though they sit high on fashion's seat,
 Age, death, or poverty, albeit
 Will set them down anon.

Some fools set up to live by law
 And though they are "all over jaw,"
 Soon fall for lack of brains;
 But had the boobies only just
 Known where they ought to sit at first,
 They'd saved a world of pains.

A quack sets up the doctor's trade,
 But could he use the sexton's spade
 No better than his pills;

The man might moil from morn to night
And find his match with all his might
To bury half he kills.

You may set up for what you choose,
As easily as wear old shoes,
If e'er so low at present;
But when you have set up in vain,
And find you must sit down again,
'Tis terribly unpleasant.

The Weather.

It's far in June—i'ts late in June—
The month of leaves and roses—
And pleasant light should meet the eyes,
And pleasant smells the noses;
They say that time is on the wing,
And on the autumn gaining,
But who would know it when it is
Perpetually raining.

I got my summer pantaloons
A month ago o' Monday,
And I have never had a chance
To sport 'em even one day;
It's time for all the pleasant things,
For walking, riding, training,
But there is nothing in this world,
But raining, raining, raining.

There's Jane has stay'd at home until
She's white as an albino;
And simple Sue is in a fret.....
To wear her Navarino;
"The wash" is soaking in the tub,
The cambric muslins staining,
And human nature's in the dumps
With raining, raining, raining.

The weather-cock has rusted East,
The blue sky is forgotten;
The earth's a saturated sponge,
And vegetation's rotten;
I hate to see the "darkest side,"
I hate to be complaining;
But hang me if my temper stands
This raining, raining, raining.

The Heated Term.

The sun is very hot to-day.
And every one we meet,
Makes exclamations tending to
Intensify the heat.

One's not inclined to take a spree
And roam the strêets about;
'Tis foolish taking "hot within,"
When 'tis so "hot without."

There's neighbor Jones the other day,
Was struck down in a trice,
And had to keep his body cool,
By packing it in ice.

And neighbor Smith fell in a fit,
While walking on the street;
Some say 'twas caused by what he eat,
But we say 'twas the heat.

'Tis death to stay within the house,
And death to go outside—
He who escapes the heated term,
Should straight be deified.

'Tis folly to attempt to sleep—
To make a faint, and snore,
'Tis best to seek a shady spot,
On some soft cellar-door.

"Keep cool!" exclaims a smother'd friend;
But surely 'tis a joke,
For how, we ask, can one keep cool,
When ice is seen to smoke?

The very air we breathe is hot,
And as it comes and goes,
Our bodies seem like ovens in
A lot of smoking clothes.

We've read of icebergs and the like,
Within the frozen pole—
We've half inclined to emigrate,
To keep our body whole.

We cannot read—we cannot write—
We're wedged as in a vice;
We'll have to cease this iceless verse
Till Blair sends down some ice.

"There's nine men a-standin' at the door, and they all said they'd take sugar in thern."

Sich, friends and brethren, was the talk, in a worldly cents, wuns common in this our ainshunt land; but the dais is gone by, and the sun runs dry, and no man can say to his nabor, hoo art thou, man, and will you take eny more shoogar in your kaugh-phy?

But the words of our text has a diffrent and a more pertickler meaning than this. Thar tha stood at the doar on a cold winter's mornin, two Baptists, two Methodists, two Presbyterians, and three Lutherans, and the tother one was a publican. And tha all with one vois said thay'd not dirty ther feet in a dram shop, but if the publican woud go and get the drinks thay'd pay for 'em. An' tha all cride out an' evry man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar, for it won't feel good to drink the stuff without sweetnin." So the publikin he marched in, and the bar-keeper sed: "What want ye?" And he ancerd and sed, "A drink!" "How will ye have it?" Plane and strate," sez he, "for it's no use wastin shugar to circumsalivate akafortis. But there's nine more a-standin at the door, and tha all sed thay'd take shugar in thern."

Friends and brethren, it ain't only likker and sperrits that is drunk in this runderbout and underband way, but it is the likker of all eorts of human wickenis, in like manur. Thar's the likker of malis, that many of you drink to the dregs, but yure shure to sweeten it with the shugar of self-justification. Thar's the likker of averis, that some of you keeps behind the curtain for constant use, but you always has it well mixt with the sweetnin of prudens and econimy. Thar's the likker of self-luv that sum men drinks by the gallon, tha all puts into it lots of the shugar of take keer of No. 1. And thar's the likker of extorshun, which the man sweetens accordin to circumstances. If he's in the flour line, he'll say the poor'll be better off eatin korn bred; if he's in the clothes line, he'll say it's a good thing to make 'em larn to make clothes to home; if he's in the lether line, it'll larn 'em the need-cessity of takin better keer of ther shoos. "And thar's nine more a-standin at the dore, and tha all sed thay'd take shugar in thern."

But, friends and brethren, thar's a time cummin, and a place fixin, whar thar'll be no "standin at the dore," to call for "shugar in thern," but thay'll have to go rite in and take the drink squar up to the frunt; and the bar-keeper'll be old Satan, and nobody else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in thern," you better believe it, and it'll be shugar of led, and red hot led at that, as shure as your name's Conshuns Dodger. And you will be entitled to your rashuns three times a day, if not more frequentlier, and if you don't like it you'll have to lump it, and so may the Old Nick close down on all your silk perlaverin around all the plane old pools of brotherly luv and ginirosity and feller-feelin and fair play.

"I Bear it Like a Lamb."

"SWELL" SONG.

A fellah stands before you
 Who's "some" on style, you see;
 A concentrated extract
 Of "sweet gentility."
 So much attention I receive,
 'pon honah, 'tis no sham!
 It almost overwhelms me, but
 I "bear it like a lamb."

CHORUS.—I'm, you see, the "nobby boy" the ladies all adore,
 As I saunter up and down before some dry goods store,
 They throw such killing looks at me, flirt handkerchief and fan,
 I never get excited, though, but "bear it like a lamb."

I go to balls and *soirees*, too,
 Or some such high-toned "crush."
 I just stand in the corner, and
 The ladies for me rush.
 They all want me to favor them
 For "just once" with my hand;
of course, it's a dreadful trying, but
 I "bear it like a lamb."

I'm you see, &c.

To pic-nics, too, I often go,
 Though all the games I shirk;
 For croquet's rather tiresome,
 And swinging girls is *work*;
 But when the *luncheon* comes around,
 Why, then's the time I "cram,"
 Till some may say I'm "piggish," but
 I "bear it like a lamb."

I'm, you see, &c.

That I'm a perfect piece of patience,
 You must all agree;
 No matter what my hardships are,
 They never worry me.
 Why, even when I meet a friend,
 And we both take a "dram,"
 If he *insists* on paying, why
 I "bear it like a lamb."

I'm, you see, &c.

I never earned a penny yet
 At work of any kind;
 For labor is a thing, you know,
 Which isn't to my mind.
 A wife I *could* support, I think,
 If she'd money, house and land;
 If such a one proposes, why
 I'll "bear it like a lamb."

I'm you see, &c.

A dispute having arisen between Jerry Snip, a respectable tailor, and Galen Glauber, an eminent apothecary, respecting a pair of small-clothes, with which Mr. Snip had furnished him, the tailor was under the necessity of calling upon the doctor to meet him at the court of requests, where the following trial of *professional* skill took place, to the great entertainment of the whole court. Mr. Snip having thrice hemmed, to clear his pipe, thus addressed the bench—

“An’t please your worship, I beg leave to tender my *suit*; trusting I shall receive such *measure* of redress as is *fitting*. I am in *sheer* distress, and live upon *remnants* and such like, and besides am sorely afflicted with the *tape*-worm, else I would laugh in my *sleeve*, and care not a *button* for my enemy. As it is, I must stick in his *skirts* till he pays; for I can’t afford to be out of *pocket*. My *inside* must be *lined* with a *thimble*-full of good *stuff*, or I must *die*! But though I am poor, I am a *pattern* of morality, and would rather go to *hell* and feed on *cabbage* than say a *pin*’s point from the truth before one *seated* on the *shop-board* of justice. Now, your worship must know, this ‘poticary Galen Glauber, who has not a *skein* of honesty in his *make*, ordered a pair of jalap-colored breeches, or as ladies delicately call them, *inexpressibles*. When I took them home, no fault was found; but when I presented my bill, my *gemman* began to *hem*, and getting into a huge *pucker*, said I might as well have put him into a straight *waistcoat*, that the *band* was too high, and had given him a *twist* in the bowels, a *stitch* in the side, and such sort of nonsense. This raised my *choler*, and we were very near coming to *cuffs*. My fingers did itch to *trim* him, and to *sew* his eyes up; I’d made him as stiff as *buckram*. For I’ll lay any man a *goose* to a *remnant* there never was a better *cut* article in the trade. So I hope your worship will not allow Galen Glauber to leave the *yard* before he opens the *plaits* of his purse and *gathers* for me the amount of my bill.”

Mr. Snip having concluded, the doctor thus replied, “Now that this *precipitate maniac* has made his *crude indigested motion* replete with *gall*, let me submit a statement of the *case*. I trust I shall *purge* from your worship’s mind all ideas of my having followed a *wrong course*, and that I shall so turn the *scales* to *gripe* my opponent smartly. Nothing *acid* shall *issue* from my *lips*. I would

CONCLUDED.

rather *heal* than *ulcerate*; I would rather *discuss* than *foment* this *tumor* of disputation. It shall be my endeavor to remove those *symptoms* of *inflammation* which must *obstruct* the cure of the *evil* before us. Yet I am by no means *lethargic* or *plegmatic*; not so; I only avoid *venomous applications*, such as must irritate the *subject*. But to proceed—this *quack* of a *prick-louse* was called in to make me a pair of small clothes, for which, after due *consultation*, he had my *recipe*. But having perhaps taken a *drachm* too much, or being void of all *scruples* of conscience, he neglected to form them *secundem artem*, as I had *prescribed*. He made the waistband too small, which *operating* as a *ligature*, pressed so severely on the *abdomen* as to produce a *constirpation* of the *rectum*, and agitating the *intestines*, so accelerated the *peristaltic motion* as to cause a rapid *expulsion* of the *faeces*, such as alluded the retentive powers of the *spincter ani*! This operation so flooded the small clothes in question, as to render them not only an *eye-sore*, but too *faetid* for further use, as your worship's *olfactory nerves* no doubt can testify. The *revulsion* I have described was evidently *induced* by the *pressure* of the belly band, which being so *tense* as to render ineffectual all attempts to unbutton, compelled me to the necessity of making an *incision* so as to *divide* the *noxious parts*. All this I pointed out in a *lecture* to this *phrenzied*, man, who, in lieu of being *patient*, and duly weighing causes with effects became red as *dragon's-blood*, and, assuming a daring *tone*, adhering like *diachylon* to his unjust demands. I remained *cool*, else had I been of an *irritable habit*, I should have made my stick cling round him like *quill bark*, or perhaps have *phlebotomized* him at the *nose*! However, I will *amputate* all *excrescences* from the *matter*, and having described the *rise*, *progress*, and *symrtoms* of the *distemper*, will cheerfully confide in your worship's justice to *deliver* me from this *lunatic's obstruction* to the *functions* of my professions."

The court having heard both parties, decided that, as the tailor had not abided by the orders given, he must submit to a non-suit.

'Tis a comical ditty I sing,
The blue devils hoping to parry;
My subject, I swear, is a King,
And he is the eighth English Harry:
His temper waa terrible hot,
As honest historians tell ye;
And he tempered his clay with a pot,
Which accounts for his royal pot-belly!
Soon he married (to dry up her tears)
The widow of Arthur, his brother:
They cuddled and kicked eighteen years,
When he had his eye on another.
Nanny Boleyn, beyond all dispute,
Her lips were like cherries pretty.
And he, longing long for such fruit,
Begged the *Pope* to divorce his queen *Kitty*.
Mister Pope would not do that, that's flat,
And a great *flat* he was too, I fancy;
For Hal married, and *turned out* queen Kate,
And *turned into her place* lady Nancy;
Then the *Pope* he shook off, who, numskull,
Sent a *bull*, to make bold Harry bow, sir,
But what for his *bull* cared *John Bull*,
Whom no *bull* nor *bully* could *cow*, sir.
Well, his majesty loved his new dear
As any old miser his guinea;
But jealous he was and severe,
And Nancy would oft play the ninny.
He, at last, caught her playing, 'tis said,
At kiss-in-the-ring, with some soldiers;
So he first took the *crown from her head*,
And then *took her head from her shoulders*.
Then a third and fourth wife had their day,
And a fifth tied the knot with this madman:
But she wanted to have her own way,
And, when bridled, she called him a bad man;
Her *bad* words gave the king a *bad* shock,
And he mourned that good wives were uncommon,
When he once again thought of the block,
Where they chopped her—*into a good woman*.
Yes, a sixth did this *gray Bluebeard* get,
With a tongue in length full three miles German;
And she preached him a long sermonet,
That had near been her funeral sermon;
For he ordered her off to a jail,
Next to grace Tower-hill was her dread, sir;
But, however to save a long tale,
The king died, and this queen *saved her head*, sir.

Othello ;

OR, FINE FLEECY HOSIERY.

AIR :—"Madam Fig's Gala."

O have you not heard of a story,
 A comical story, and true?
 If you haven't, and will but attend,
 It's a hundred to one, but you do.
 It is of a man of some note.
 A comical outlandish fellow ;
 In Venice lived as it's wrote,
 And his name was Mister Othello !

CHORUS.

Rumpti udity, udity rumpty, udity, ido.
 Rumyti, udity, udity, ri fal la de la lido.

A gentleman there had a daughter,
 With Othy she'd grown very mellow ;
 He wondered what passion had caught her,
 She sighed for her blacky, Othello !
 Now, Brabantio had offered his daughter
 A husband a long time before ;
 She sneezed at the one he had brought her,
 She vow'd and declared she'd have *Moor*.

Rumpti udity, &c.

Then General Othello he came,
 And to Gretna the lady he carried ;
 Gretna mayn't be indeed the right name,
 But no matter—I'm sure they were married.
 No sooner they tightly were tied,
 Than jealousy seizes love's place :
 And Othello was so mad with his bride,
 That, egad ! he looked black in the face.

Rumpti udity, &c.

A young Captain Cassio, by luck,
 She saw—a fine, dashing gay fellow,
 His sabre and gorget they stuck
 In the gizzard of Mr. Othello.
 After drill, now, this volunteer gay
 Oft with Mrs. Othello drank coffee, sir,
 Till Othy thought proper to say,

"Sweet Desdy, don't ask that young officer."

Rumpti udity, &c.

One evening, this captain so smart,
 Called in winter, as truly 'tis said;
 And though he was hot in his heart,
 Yet he'd got a bad cold in his head.
 Now, as Mr. Othello was out,
 And for favors his wife couldn't thank her chief,
 To wipe Cassio's aquilline snout,
 Desdemona lent her pocket-handkerchief.

Rumpti ularity, &c.

A young ancient, Iago, love felt,
 And sweet Desdy he wished to be kissing;
 But, finding the fair wouldn't melt,
 Turned to mischief her handkerchief missing;
 And bent upon making a row,
 Treated Othy with beer, at an oyster-house;
 Invented the when, and the how,—
 Then Othello turned wonderful boisterous.

Rumpti ularity, &c.

So, when he comes home, straight he goes
 To Mrs. Othello in bed—
 And says he, "Dear, I must blow my nose,
 For I've got a sad cold in my head.
 A handkerchief, wife, I expect one,"
 So out from the pillow she tost it;
 "Not this," he exclaimed, but the checked one,"
 "Oh! curse it," cries Desdy, "I've lost it."

Rumpti ularity, &c.

"You lie," says Othello, "that's true,
 So nothing remains to be said."
 "I lie!—yes my dear, that I do;
 For, by jingo, I lie in the bed."
 Cries Othello, "I vow there's too much light—
 I'll never be called a blood spiller;"
 So the general he put out the rushlight,
 And killed his wife dead with the pillow.

Rumpti ularity, &c.

Then the blood of Iago he shed,
 Then he fell on his dear Desdy's body;
 Then Mrs. Othello's dead head
 On her shoulders went nidity noddly.
 All this comes from a cold in the head,
 So blind Fortune, in this matter, shows her eye;
 Not one of these folks would have been dead,
 If they had but worn fine fleecy hosiery.

Rupmti idity, &c.

AIR :—" Madam Fig's Gala."

Go, boy, and thy good mistress tell,
 (She knows that my purpose is cruel,)
 I'd thank her to tingle the bell,
 As soon as she's heated my *gruel*.
 Go, get thee to bed, and repose,
 To sit up so late is a scandal ;
 But 'ere you have ta'en off your clothes,
 Be sure that you put out that candle.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

My stars ! in the air here's *a knife* ;
 I'm sure it cannot be a hum :
 I'll catch at the handle, odds life,
 And then I shall not cut my thumb.
 I've got him ! no, at him again ;
 Come, come, I'm not fond of these jokes ;
 This must be some *blade of the brain*,
 Those *witches* are given to *hoax*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

I've one in my pocket, I know,
 My wife left on purpose behind her ;
 She bought this of Teddy-heigh-ho,
 The poor Caledonian grinder.
 I see thee again ! o'er thy middle
 Large drops of red blood now are spilled,
 Just as much as to say diddle, diddle,
 Good *Duncan*, pray come and be killed.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

It leads to his chamber, I swear ;
 I tremble and quake every joint ;
 No dog, at the scent of a hare,
 Ever yet made a cleverer point.

(CONCLUDED.)

Ah, no ! 'twas a dagger of straw,
 Give me *blinkers*, to save me from starting;
 The knife that I thought that I saw
 Was nought but *my eye Betty Martin*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Now, o'er this terrestrial hive,
 A life paralytic is spread ;
 For while the one half is alive,
 The other is sleepy and dead.
King Duncan in grand majesty,
 Has got my state bed for a *snooze* ;
 I've lent him *my slippers*, so I
 May certainly stand *in his shoes*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Blow softly, ye murmuring gales,
 Ye feet rouse no echo in walking :
 For, though a dead man tells no tales,
Dead walls are much given to *talking*.
 This knife shall be *in at the Death* ;
 I'll *stick him* then off safely get,
 Cries the world, this could not be Macbeth,
 For he'd ne'er *stick at anything yet*.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the signal, by *goles*,
 It sounds like a funeral knell ;
 O, hear it not, Duncan, it tolls
 To call thee to heaven or hell.
 Or, if you to heav'n won't fly,
 But rather prefer Pinto's ether,
 Only wait a few years till I die,
And we'll go to the devil together.

Rumpti iddity, &c.

The Fly and the Fish.

A little fly one day did look,
 Fol lol, &c.
 At a fish within a brook,
 Fol lol, &c.
 The fly did gaze with eye so bold,
 Upon the fish who shone with gold,
 Who, although dumb, did a *tail unfold*,
 Fol lol, &c.
 Now flies have hearts like other things,
 Fol lol, &c.
 And 'tis well known that flies have stings,
 Fol lol, &c.
 And the fly, whose story here is sung,
 Was by a May-bee's beauty stung,
 And flies, like men, are by love wrung.
 Fol lol, &c.
 The fish, not thinking of the fly,
 Fol lol, &c.
 First opened his mouth, then opened his eye,
 Fol lol, &c.
 Not dreaming that a soul was nigh,
 He drank of the stream, and looked at the sky,
 And still went on most *swim-ming-ly*.
 Fol lol, &c.
 Said the fly, if from that fish's tail,
 Fol lol, &c.
 I could but steal a golden scale,
 Fol lol, &c.
 He ne'er could miss it when 'twas done,
 And if for my sweetheart it could be won,
 It would make a nice hat to keep off the sun.
 Fol lol, &c.
 The fly not feeling any dread,
 Fol lol, &c.
 By a mistake, for the tail took the head,
 Fol lol, &c.
 To snatch the scale he did not pause,
 Quite valiant in his May-bee's cause,
 But alas! fell into the fish's jaws.
 Fol lol, &c.

MORAL.

All you young men who are in love,
 Fol lol, &c.
 Pray, let this tale a warning prove,
 Fol lol, &c.
 If you would for your sweethearts get
 A present of silk, lace, or net,
 Pray, mind and keep out of the jaws of debt,
 Fol lol, &c.

Messrs. A, B, C, being characters known,
To children quite small, and to those larger grown,
Invited the alphabet once, great and small,
To supper and cards, and a bit of a ball :—
A undertook the amusements in store,
B baked the buns, the while C chalk'd the floor ;
C sent round the circulars, all postage free,
To come to the party of great A, B, C.

The first note they wrote, and had sent, was to D,
But D was a dunce and forgot A, B, C ;
Unless he tried to decipher the letter,
So took it to E, as E could read better ;
E told him all E desired to know,
And F, coming in, felt inclined, too, to go ;
So D, E, and F, in one coach got all three,
To join the party of great A, B, C.

G drove a gig with H over a hill,
I soon did join them, and J with his Jill ;
K said 'twas killing to drive cattle fast,
L much lamented for fear he'd be last ;
M said of money his wife had a store,
N counted all the N's at the barn door ;
In mirth and good humor they all joined with glee,
To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

O owed so much, he was fearfel to go,
P had had his head powder'd like an old beau ;
Q quickly equipp'd, wore a little pig-tail,
At which Mr. R did much rally and rail !
S in sad silence, sat still as a don,
The while to keep up with them T trotted on ;
In mirth and good humor they chatted with glee ;
To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

To vary the journey V went in a van,
U, though unwillingly, by the same plan ;
And while of the weather they wisely did talk,
W wore out his shoes by the walk ;
X cross'd his path, and did look cross and grim,
And Y said, pray why did not they wait for him,
But in mirth and good humor they chatted with glee,
To join the grand party of great A, B, C.

Billy Goose was a tailor, and, ah, woful tale!

With an unmarried lady lived he ;

She tormented him sorely, no words could prevail,

She was louder than he, and she fought tooth and nail,

Till at last he resolved to be free.

With a horrible oath he was thus heard to say

As he kicked her at last from the door ;

“May the devil himself come and fetch me away,

With tape, buckram, and shears, if you longer shall stay,

Or if ever I take you back more !”

But women can wheedle us all, as we know,

And coax and persuade us to evil ;

She prayed and she promised, as women know how,

Poor Billy was very soon false to his vow,

Quite forgetting his oath and the devil.

And now all their friends were invited to sup,

Beef and cabbage were placed for each guest,

When, lo ! a tall stranger appeared—drained his cup,

He ate all the cabbage and cucumbers up,

And nothing was left for the rest.

Oh ! then, Billy Goose, while his hair rose on high,

Cried, “Sir, who, pray the devil, art thou ?”

“Sure enough,” was the answer, “the devil am I

You wished me to come, and away with you fly,

If you were untrue to your vow.

Come away, then, false tailor, that woman to shun,

You have broken the oath made upon her.”

“Sir,” Billy exclaimed, “after all’s said and done,

As out of two evils I’m forced to choose one,

I’m quite ready to wait on your honor.”

I think I had better get married,
But before the point is carried,

I'll argue it pro and con.
If he meets with any disaster,
A bachelor is his own master,
He's accountable to none.

No wife, to add to the strife ;
No sighing, fainting, dying ;
No row, promise or vow ;
Stay out, without any rout ;
Supper and tea, take the key.

For a bachelor,
A bachelor is his own master.

Spoken.—Liberty is delightful ! and why should it be sacrificed for a woman ? besides, what possible use have we for a woman at all ? A bachelor may go out, walk about, stay out, and no question asked. If married, you must run about with your wife tied to ye, like a kettle to a dog's tail, clattering in one's ears, and treading on one's heels. If a man loses his wife, his friends will soon supply his loss, but let him lose anything of value, and he'll see the difference. A bachelor may eat what he likes, wear what he likes, and kiss who he likes. But a married man—only let him try the last !

A bachelor is his own master.

Yet I think I'd better get married,
For some so long have tarried,

They can't get a wife at all.
Once gouty or rheumatic,
Toothless or asthmatic,

Your chance of a wife is small.
Many joys, girls and boys,
Puddings, pies, kisses, and sighs,

Shirts aired, money spared,
Chaste embraces, pretty faces,
All right, if home at night,

And besides,
And besides, something nice for supper.

Spoken.—What man would live alone, when he might have a pretty, obliging, kind, gentle loving woman to comfort him, and be cosey with ? When a man has a wife, he has always buttons on his shirts, and never any holes in his stockings ; besides, how miserable for a man to come home at night, let himself in, every body gone to bed, nobody waiting for him but the rushlight. Who can take care of persons and purses like a wife, and how can a man ever be said to be starving when he has a *rib*. Oh, the delights of wedlock ! tea and buttered toast.

I'm resolved,
I'm resolved, this moment to be married.

I came to town the other day,
 To rest from all my labors;
 And hear what New Yorkers had to say,
 That I might tell my neighbors.
 But all I heard upon my word,
 Was this in every quarter:
 Some bawling out what are you at?
 And some what are you after?

With your tol de rol.

At first I thought that they meant me,
 And cried—what's that to you, sir?
 If you take me a rogue to be,
 I'll let you know who's who, sir.
 So right and left I laid them flat,
 Says I,—You've caught a Tartar,
 Now go and cry, what are you at?
 And bawl what are you after?

With your tol de rol.

But, gosh for policemen they sent,
 And lugged me off to prison;
 I axed them what it was they meant?
 They said to stretch my wizen.
 They took me where the justice sat,
 Who gave my purse no quarter;
 Which made me cry, what are you at?
 Good judge, what are you after?

With your tol de rol.

Escaping from the jailor's paw,
 I walked down Broadway, sir;
 Where soon a charming lass I saw,
 The fairest in the land, sir.
 Says I, I'll have a kiss, that's flat,
 For never lass looked smarter;
 When she squalled out, what are you at?
 You wretch, what are you after?

With your tol de rol.

But while I kissed this pretty lass,
 That I the freak might rue, sir;
 She did my fob of gold watch rob,
 And picked my pocket, too, sir.
 So I went home to hang myself,
 From bed-post in my garter;
 When hostess cried, what are you at?
 Young man, what are you after?

Some people when they're ask'd to sing,
 Will say they cannot try;
 And swear they ne'er sung anything,
 But that is all my eye.

CHORUS.

And that they know,
 I tell them—tell them so,
 'Tis fudge, it is all fudge.

Your dandy finds it difficult,
 His gentle voice to raise;
 But he might soon be musical,
 If he'd *unlace* his *stays*.

Oh that they know, &c.

Your bashful man's *ashamed* to sing,
 And makes a quick retreat;
 While some reserve their *notes*, to *frighten*
 Watchmen in the street.

Oh that they know, &c.

Your butcher sings a *cutting* song,
 Then this excuse he'll make;
 He trusts you will forgive him,
 Since he's at his *last steak*.

Oh that they know, &c.

Your tailor's song is *superfine*,
 The clerk sums up his *notes*;
 The vintner sings, "*Oh bring me wine*,
 We wish to wet our throats."

Oh that they know, &c.

Now I am not particular,
 I sing without excuse;
 And you will well know what to sing,
 If ever I refuse.

Oh yes, I know,
 You'd tell me—tell me so,
 'Tis fudge,—it is all fudge.

Now many folks with dainty songs,
 Are pregnant it is said;
 So if you pass them by, egad,
 You'll send them cross to bed.

Oh that they know, &c.

Now I have summ'd up this account,
 My aim you plainly see;
 I'm glad I've just come to the end,
 And you'll be glad as me.

Oh that they know, &c.

Be-autiful Bill.

AIR :—" Beautiful Bells.

Don't talk to me, it's quite absurd,
 Of dashing fellows, please ;
 I'll never listen to a word,
 But think you mean to tease ;
 Although my heart is broken quite,
 It goes on beating still ;
 For one I loved with all my might,
 My be-autiful, my Bill.

CHORUS.

(*Whistle*)—Be-autiful Bill was a beautiful beau,
 Beautiful Billy who bother'd me so,
 Sweetest of Williams, adorable Will,
 Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful Bill.

'Twas at a ball I met my Bill,
 He made the neatest bow ;
 He squeezed my hand in a quadrille,
 And went on anyhow ;
 He praised my toilet, thought it neat,
 As we walked to and fro ;
 The things he said were very sweet,
 But then his waltzing, oh !

Be-autiful Bill, &c.

The waltzing done, he said " my love,
 This balcony is nice :"
 And then, oh ! foolish, fluttering dove,
 I let him kiss me twice ;
 And though I said, " Please let me go,"
 Resistance was in vain ;
 His lips were very near, and so
 I-I-I kissed him back again !

Be-autiful Bill, &c.

(CONCLUDED.)

He promised we should meet next day,
Whatever did befall ;
And so we did—up North-west way,
The Zo-o-lo-gi-cal.
'Twas in the Parrot-house that Bill
Proposed a little walk ;
For pretty *polly*-syllables
To hear the parrots talk.

Be-autiful Bill, &c.

The chatt'ring Parrots made a din,
Enough to drive one wild ;
I didn't notice coming in,
A lady and her child ;
Bill blushed, and though he look'd confused,
With all the cheek in life—
The lady then he introduced
As Mrs. Brown, his wife.

Be-autiful Bill, &c.

With hopes all crushed and tumbled down,
I stagger'd to the door ;
And murmur'd faintly, " Mrs. Brown,
I've heard that name before !"
And that is why I'm single now,
And shall be so until
Some future day, when perhaps I may
Take up another Bill.

Spoken.—And the next one must be a superior article without encumbrances, quiet to drive in double harness, in fact—

Be-autiful Bill, &c.

Dot Schmall Leetle Baby.

BY DEACON RICHARD SMITH.

Drue as I leev, most efery day
 I laugh me wild to saw der vay
 My small young baby drie to play—
 Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look of dem leetle toes,
 Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
 Und hear der vay dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I vas grazzy.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot's ven der vindy vind vill crawl,
 Right in his leetle stchomack schmall,
 Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
 Und gorry barric he must ead,
 Und I must chumb shpry on my feet,
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose, and kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me over eferywhere,
 Und schlobbers me—but vot I care?
 Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm,
 Vos schquozin me so nice and varm—
 Oh! may dere never coom some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby.

I'd Blush, but I Couldn't Refuse Him.

Whenever a lad that's good humor'd and free,
 Intreats as a lover to choose him,
 I vow in good faith I can't possibly see
 What reason I'd have to refuse him!
 Instead of considering his suit as amiss,
 With smiles I would kindly amuse him;
 And should the dear creature solicit a kiss,
 I'd blush, but I couldn't refuse him!

When talking of marriage I utter a vow,
 With caution I then would pursue him;
 But if he were constant I cannot see how
 I could have the heart to refuse him.
 Why should any lass to comply be afraid,
 And run such a hazard to lose him?
 She soon may be sorry, and die an old maid,
 Who makes it her boast to refuse him.

Come Along Do.

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Sung by Fred. French.

Before I was married, I went where I liked,
And did just whatever I chose ;
But now, when I'm out I look like a lout,
I'll tell you the cause of my woes :
It's the Missus—she's jealous of people and things,
I assure you, 'pon honor, its true—
I never can stop for a moment alone ;
But she'll say : " Oh ! come along, do."

CHORUS.—Come along do, come along do ;
What are you staring at ? come along do ;
Come along do, come along do,
You ought to know better—so come along do.

If a damsel by chance in the street I should meet,
And my eyes hap' to wander that way ;
My wife will remark : that's a dozen at least
At whom you've been staring to-day.
Who is she ? you know I'm certain of that,
Don't say she's nothing to you—
Very well, if she's not, it's suspicious at least,
" Don't stare then, but come along do."

Come along do, &c.

To Dr. Kahn's Museum I took her, one day,
To study the classical nude ;
She thought that Venus and Jnpiter were
Underdressed and decidedly rude.
The beauties of Venus I tried to point out,
When into a temper she flew,
" She's worse than Mazeppa, it's awful, she said,
I'm ashamed, sir, so come along do."

Come along do, &c.

Now whatever I do, and wherever I go,
I've been so annoyed that now I
Have made up my mind the same sort of game
Upon the old lady to try.
So whenever she stops at a shop for a look
At a bonnet or anything new,
I use her own words as I tug at her arm.
And say : " Sarah Ann, come along, do."

Come along do, &c.

I hope I amuse you in singing this song,
For somehow or other I know
That if my old lady she should come along,
She'd say it's time for me to go.
But there's one consolation—my song's nearly done,
And p'rhaps you are thinking so too ;
But I'll settle the matter and say to myself,
" Old fellow, now come along do."

Come along do, &c.

A Cutting Story.

AIR :—" Ri fum, ti fum."

I now lay before ye
A very funny story;
It's of a beau—one Thomas Toe,
Who lov'd Miss Tamer Tory.
Indeed he did! oh, yes he did.

CHORUS.

Rumple, tump, toody iddy,
Toe and Tamer Tory.

A milliner was she, sir,
A linen draper he, sir.
Genteel, polite, good-looking, light,
And very much like me, sir:
Indeed he was! oh, yes he was!

Rumple, tump, &c.

Whene'er they had a meeting,
With fruit she wanted treating;
She thought that loving was like pudding.
The proof was in the eating
Indeed she did! oh! that she did!

Rumple, tump, &c.

His time was at her leisure,
His shop was at her pleasure;
He served her first, and gave her trust,
And the very best of measure.
Indeed he did! oh, that he did!

Rumple, tump, &c.

One day he saw her pass, sir,
And bowing to the lass, sir,
He bowed so low, his head somehow
Popped through a pane of glass, sir,
Indeed it did! oh, yes it did!

Rumple, tump, &c.

No face then e'er could match his,
To heal his cuts and scratches,
The doctor choose his cheeks and nose
To cover with black patches.
Indeed he did! oh, yes he did!

Rumple, tump, &c.

He after this disaster
Became Miss Tory's laughter,
And in his shop he looks cut up,
For she cut him ever after.
Indeed she did! oh, yes she did!

Rumple, tump, &c.

A New Bundle of Wants.

I'll sing you a song about wants,
It's a song that you're wanting of me :
I don't want to make you all sad,
But I want to add much to your glee.
We all of us wants have enough
Through this life as we travel along ;
And my first and my greatest of wants,
Is—I want to please you with my song.

A man that's in want of a place,
You'll say that no fate can be worse ;
A man that's in want of some money,
He's not much in want of a purse.
A man that's in want of his teeth,
Had better give over nut-cracking ;
And he that wants shoes to his feet,
Needn't lay out his money in blacking.

The ladies, Lord bless 'em ! have wants,
I hope they'll not take it amiss ;
Little miss wants to be fat mamma,
Fat mamma wants to be little miss ;
The old ones they want to be wed,
The young ones to flirt with their beaux ;
But I'm certain that both old and young
Have long been in want of more clothes.

A man that's in want of tobacco,
He cannot want much with a pipe ;
And he that's in want of a dinner,
May want half a yard of fat tripe ;
The man that has corns on his toes,
Wants a smooth road instead of a rough ;
And the man that's no nose on his face
Must want a new way to take snuff.

The man that's in want of a leg, —
Will make but a very poor runner ;
And he that's in want of an eye
Will make but a pitiful gunner. —
Our enemies' wants are supplied,
Our soldiers will keep them retreating ;
Our generals gave 'em their wants,
For they gave them a terrible beating.

I Couldn't Help Laughing it Tickled me So.

From morning till night I'm indulging in mirth,
I've always been so since the day of my birth,
I grin like a Maltese cat all through each day,
And never feel right unless laughing away.
My infantile actions were certainly wild—
All folks said I was a most wonderful child,
And when first short-coated, I'd have you to know,
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

And when by degrees, I had reached man's estate,
I then looked about in search of a mate,
My eyes soon I set on a girl tall and fair,
And begg'd that my heart and my home she would share.
And while so persistently urging my claim,
She gave her consent, and at last the day came,
But, when in the morning to church we did go,
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

Ha, ha, &c.

I'm fond of a game, I'm a good one to chaff,
At all kinds of mischief I'm certain to laugh,
I oft play a lark on some innocent elf,
Nor care though the laugh should be turned 'gainst myself.
I once, walking out, saw a man in a fit,
To make him come round I his ear quickly bit,
And when he jump'd up, knocked me down with one blow,
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

Ha, ha, &c.

My landlord once called for his two quarter's rent,
But I couldn't pay it because it was spent,
So, off to a broker he went very quick,
And vowed he would seize upon every stick.
Before he could get back, I gave him leg bail,
For I shot the moon, but got caught, put in jail,
And though plac'd in "limbo" for what I did owe,
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

Ha, ha, &c.

Three times in succession my partner had twins—
My place to look like a small school-room begins,
Throughout all the day there is nothing but glee,
For all of them have laughing fits just like me.
The last time, to add to our family joys,
To me three presented, a girl and two boys,
When I saw three cherubs all of a row,
I couldn't help laughing it tickled me so.

Ha, ha, &c

It's Funny When You Feel That Way.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

I shan't forget how queer I felt,
When first I fell in love;
I had a most severe attack
Through squeezing a lady's glove;
But a lovely hand was in it—
As I waltzed with her so gay,
I thought myself in paradise—
It's funny when you feel that way!

CHORUS.—I felt as though I'd tumbled into honey,
And somebody had left me all their money,
The feeling's so peculiar and funny—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!

I took her down to supper,
And I sat down by her side;
I helped her to the "niceys,"
And I filled her glass, with pride:
In fact, paid such attention,
That she viewed me with dismay;
For I moved my chair so close to hers—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

When the affair had broken up,
Behind I yet did linger;
Before I tore myself away,
I kissed her little finger:
I threw "phantom kisses" at the house,
As I tripped on home so gay;
I'd have kissed the knocker on her door—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

We met again one afternoon,
And, as we were alone;
I plucked up nerve to ask if she
Some day would be my own.
She blushed and said: "Go see Papa,
And ask him if I may?"
I danced a can-can round the room—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!
I felt as though, &c.

The old boy said: "That we might wed,"
And so he crowned my bliss;
And I shall be a doubled man,
In about a month from this:
It seems as though the time, somehow,
Would never pass away;
I long to hear the wedding bells—
Oh! it's funny when you feel that way!

I'm the Chap That's Nobby.

Published by C. H. Ditson & Co., New York.

I'm the chap that's nobby, as you see, see, see,
I'm free and easy everywhere, you'll all agree.
I sip my Widow Cliquot while I've chink, chink, chink,
And at the pretty charmers, oh! I wink, wink, wink.

Up and down the street so gaily,
Dressed to kill, the style am I;
Ladies nod and greet me daily,
Smiling sweet as I pass by.

Spoken.—Why shouldn't they? bless the dear little tootsey-wootsies. Why they all know that—

I'm the chap that's nobby, as you see, see, see,
I'm free and easy everywhere, you'll all agree.
I sip my Widow Cliquot while I've chink, chink, chink,
And at the pretty charmers, oh! I wink, wink, wink.

Dashing through the "Central" oft I go, go, go,
My "bays" you'll find them anything at all but slow,
I always "fight the tiger" till I've won, won, won,
But, then, you know, I'm mammy's only son, son, son.

Care, you see, I've cut for ever,
Tailors' bills I never pay,
All my "pals" are rich and clever
Up to any genteel lay.

Spoken.—Billiards, &c., &c., sometimes "poker," but nothing "shabby," for you see

I'm the chap that's nobby, &c.

Always find me ready for a lark, lark, lark,
From early morning keep it up till after dark,
My comrades always find me on the square, square, square,
And if there's any fighting why I'm there, there, there.

Hearts I know I'm often breaking,
Lovely dears it makes me sad,
Quite a "swell," there's no mistaking,
Don't I make my rivals mad.

Spoken.—Because I cut them out. What's the reason of my astounding success with the fair sex? I'll tell you. It's because—

I'm the chap that's nobby, &c.

Miss Patty Puff and Her Two Sweet-hearts :

OR, THE DUEL A LA-MODE.

There was a gay man-milliner, his name was Timmy Twist,
And at making caps and bonnets he'd a mighty pretty fist,
With his snips and shreds and fitting heads,
his gauze and gimp, long thread and needle ;
Oh ! he loved a pastry-cook, and he
thought her heart to wheedle !

Whack falare, bow, wow, wow.

There was a spruce shoemaker, a dabster at an awl ;
They call him Billy Boot, and he kept a pretty stall,
With his last and shoe, and lapstone too,
his wax-end, grinding-strap and hammer ;
Oh ! he loved this pastry-cook, too,
and told her many a crammer.

Whack falare, bow, wow, wow.

Miss Patty Puff, thus loved by both,
and loving both, they say,
Was like the donkey in the tale, between two stacks of hay ;
With her flames and darts, and apple-tarts,
her ices, trifles, cherry brandy :
Oh ! she knew not which to choose ,
for she thought them both the dandy !

Whack falare, bow, wow, wow.

The rivals fought—the seconds charged
their pistols for attacks,
Timmy Twist's with cotton balls,
And Billy Boot's with cobbler's wax ;
With their jeers and jokes, a funny hoax,
their powder, priming, and their paces,
Though they'd courage in their hearts
they'd dish-clouts in their faces.

Whack falare, bow, wow, wow.

The seconds signal gave to fire—
when Timmy swooned away,
And Billy, not observing it, ran off without delay,
With his paste, and pegs, and nimble legs,
While both the seconds laugh and hoot him—
Oh ! he stuck fast in a hedge, and
roared lest Tim should come and shoot him

Whack lalare, bow, wow, wow.

Now, all ye modern heroes, who'd your
credit save from fright,
Be sure to tell the constables when challenges you write,
With your guns and swords, and great big words
that off weak stomachs come so clever :
Oh ! they'll bind you to the peace
and you may brag as much as ever—
Whack falare, bow, wow, wow.

Polly Cox.

There is a place of great resort,
In town, though not the best end;
Famed for holding many a court,
'Tis St. Gile's, near the west end.
One Polly Cox, a single maid,
Lived near the Seven Dials;
And would you know what was her trade,
She dealt in rags and phials.

Two young men wished to gain her heart,
Both handsome, and the first man
Was a coalheaver, so spruce and smart,
And t'other was a dustman.
Now Polly candidly confessed
Them both as sweet as honey;
But she loved the coalheaver the best,
'Cause he could *yarn* most money.

And so it looked just like as if
The coalheaver had won her;
And the dustman's heart was in a miff,
And burnt up to a cinder.
But Poll did not like him to go,
She thought it a fine thing, sirs;
And the way to have two strings to her bow,
Was to keep two beaux to her string, sirs.

Soon love had got the upper hand
Of both of these two fellows;
And Polly being at a stand,
Why both of them got jealous.
She told 'em that was very low,
Though to say so she was loath, sirs;
But sooner than they should make a row,
She'd be content with both, sirs.

These words the dustman didn't heed,
He was a greedy elf, sirs;
And he said his heart's blood all should bleed,
But he'd have her all himself, sirs.
The coalheaver, as obstinate,
Did in the same course run, sirs;
And vowed whatever was his fate,
He'd have the whole or none, sirs.

To each other they'd not much to say,
As quarrels they were right for:
And so they pitched upon a day,
When Polly they would fight for.

Polly Cox—[CONCLUDED.

The dustman he had got most length,
And he bid his foe defiance ;
But the coalheaver could boast of strength,
And a goodish bit of science.

It would have done your eye-sights good,
If you the fight had *seed*, sirs ;
The dustman nearly six feet stood,
Though he was baker-kneed, sirs.
But coaly's fist was near the size
Of a decent leg of mutton ;
And when it caught the dustman's eyes,
He owned he wasn't no glutton.

So coaly proved the better stuff,
And the dustman's pain was such, sirs ;
He not only owned he had *enough*,
But a precious sight *too much*, sirs.
He fighting didn't like at all,
As dows'd was both his glims, sirs ;
He'd stand some gin, but as for Poll,
She might go to h—ll for him, sirs.

The dustman he felt nation sad,
'Cause he had got such a wopping ;
And the coalheaver ran off right glad,
And never thought of stopping.
He was thinking what his Poll would say
To him, her fancy fighter ;
When he found his Poll that very day,
Had married a lamplighter.

This put him into such a funk,
He ne'er his fate resisted ;
He went and got most precious drunk,
And for a soldier listed.
Ma'am Polly she was put to bed,
About seven months too soon, sirs ;
And the dustman he was transported
'Cause he *found* a silver spoon, sirs.

So there's an end of these two chaps,
It all your hearts must shock, sirs ;
When you think of their unlucky haps,
All through that Polly Cox, sirs.
Young ~~man~~, I'd have you all beware,
Through St. Gile's as you rove, sirs ;
Look at the girls, but pray take care
You do not fall in love, sirs.

SEWING UP OF TIMOTHY STITCH'EM.

At a village in Ohio, as I have heard tell,
Lived a tailor, called Timothy Stitch'em,
Who could sigh, and could groan, aye, and preach very well,
So the neighboas all feared he'd bewitch'em.
He would oftentimes tell them a comical tale
About religion and cabbage so neatly,
When collected together their minds to regale,
He'd measure out a Subject completely.

Spoken.—Now, my friends, I shall *cut out* my subject by a well shaped *pattern*, which no doubt will *fit* you as close as *wax*—there are many of you whose understandings are become *thread-bare*, and, if you are not *turned* from that *coat* of wickedness, old Nick will *cabbage* you, to a dead certainty; but I hope no one present will be such a *goose* as to get within the length of his *sleeve-board*, if you do, you will make a devil of a job of it, he will *rub down your seams* and *work up your button holes*, so that you will be ready to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What comforts must certainly reach 'em,
Such sighs, and such cries,
How they turned up their eyes
At the sight of little Timothy Stitch'em.

Now Stitch'em oft visited a farmer hard by,
Who heeded but little his advice;
But the wife on this doctrine would always rely
And believed he could mend her in a trice;
So Timothy finding the farmer was deaf
To all he might preach, sing, or pray,
He would take care to visit his dear loving wife,
And console her when he was away.

Spoken.—Yes, Timothy always avoided the presence of Farmer Fusty, in order to comfort the wife with his devout doctrine, and also to comfort himself with some good cordials which she could procure; and one evening, when the farmer was gone to market, they, not expecting him back very soon, took the opportunity of regaling themselves with cups of comfort, prayers, and what else I can't say, but this *love feast* had such an effect on their spirits that they began to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What comforts must certainly reach'em;

SEWING UP OF TIMOTHY STITCH'EM.—CONCLUDED.

Such sighs and such cries,
You'd have turned up your eyes
Had you seen little Timothy Stitch'em.

Now the fire being warm, and their spirits so cool,
They both fell asleep very quick ;
When some knowing wag sook a peep through the key-hole,
And opening for mischief to seek :
Then, hearing them snore, he stole a black cat,
Then soon mounted to the chimney-top,
To her tail tied straw, with an old dirty hat,
And bundled her down neck and crop.

Spoken.—Yes, pussy descended the chimney very quick, with her straw packed up behind her, as if she was set out on a long journey, but unfortunately, her burthen caught fire, so running to the pious couple for protection, set their garments on fire, so there was a pretty blaze altogether, and their fright caus'd them to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What confusion must certainly reach'em,
Such sighs and such cries,
You'd have turned up your eyes,
Had you seen little Timothy Stitch'em.

This woman, through fear, called for help so loud
That the neighbors were struck with amaze ;
Who assembled so fast that a wonderful crowd
Came to see Mr. Stitch'em in a blaze ;
Now the farmer arrived in the midst of the clatter,
And with wonder he began to stare ;
Soon the neighbors did explain the truth of this matter,
When he raved like a man in despair.

Spoken.—Well, this is a pretty rig! but, however, I'll soon cool their courage and heat at the same time, by tying them together with a cart-rope, and sending them to hunt water-rats at the bottom of the horse-pond ; I think it is proper they should have a soaker after their scorcher, so I'll let them stick fast in the mud till they begin to

Sigh away, die away,
Moan away, groan away,
What confusion must certainly reach'em,
Such sighs, and such cries,
How they turned up their eyes,
'Twas the sewing up of Timothy Stitch'em.

John Grouse and Molly Dumpling.

Come, all ye young and frolicsome lovers,

Listen awhile unto my rhyme ;

'Tis of two sweethearts young and tender,]

Who were cut of all in their prime.

Fol de riddle, &c.

Molly Dumpling was a virgin true,

Lived cook in a great family ;

One eye was black and the other blue ;

She was very fat and four feet high.

Fol de riddle, &c.

John Grouse he was a gardener,

Healthy he was with manly toil ;

Cabbage he sold, and for dinner

Plenty of it cut to boil.

Fol de riddle, &c.

One night he went to see his Molly,

His little dog barked very loud ;

The night was dark and melancholy,

And the moon had slid behind a cloud.

Fol de riddle, &c.

At home and trembling by the fire

The lovely Molly Dnmpling sat ;

Much did she wonder and admire

What her Johnny could be at.

Fol de riddle, &c.

That night, as she lay in her bed,

Her chamber door flew open wide ;

When the gardener's ghost popped in his head,

With his little dog trotting by his side.

Fol de riddle, &c.

Tall as a May-pole was his size,

Green, green his waistcoat was as leeks ;

Red, red as beet-roots were his eyes,

And pale as turnips were his cheeks.

Fol de riddle, &c.

Soon as her true love she espied,

Poor Molly Dumpling faintly said ;

"What would you, Johnny?"—He replied,

"Oh ! Molly Dumpling, I am dead.

Fol de riddle, &c.

"In the flower of my youth I fell ;"

Ho spoke in a most dismal tone.

"I was not sick, but in a well,

I tumbled backwards and was drowned."

Fol de riddle, &c.

Soon as she heard her true love speak,

She clasped her hands,—jumped out of bed ;

She squeaked and squalled, ah ! how she bawled,

Then shut her mouth and dropped down dead.

Fol de riddle, &c.

Billy Wood ;

OR, THE FASCINATING GROCER.

Come, listen to a whimmy chant,
And if there's nothing in it ;
Will you a little patience grant, /
If quickly I begin it.
A love-sick grocer, Billy Wood,
A victim I'm to Cupid ;
So if my song is long and good,
Don't call it short and stupid. (Tol lol, &c.
One day as trudging through the Park,
With plums and currants laden ,
Says I, I'll have a little lark,
With yonder pretty maiden ;
She's dress'd so spruce, and looks so sly,
To lose her will not do, sir ;
And though a cast she's in one eye,
Why I've a cast in two, sir. (Tol lol, &c.
Before Miss Patty Blear I stood,
Who dark was as a crow, sir ;
Says I, "my name is Billy Wood,
The fascinating grocer."
She curtised low, and in reply,
Said, "all your love's in vain, sir ;
Engaged I am to Mr. Flam,
Who works in Vesey street, sir. (Tol lol, &c.
To Vesey street I went with speed,
Where cutting beef and ham, sir ;
Behind the counter stood, indeed,
My rival, Mr. Flam, sir ;
Says I "Grand carver you appear,
But sure as I've a snout, sir ;
You may cut here, but with Miss Blear,
You shall not cut me out, sir." (Tol lol, &c.
When I had finished, Mr. Flam,
Whose passion quickly rose, sir ;
Straight put aside his beef and ham,
And took me by the nose, sir ;
The pinch he gave, it made me roar,
To struggle was in vain, sir :
And when he kicked me from the door,
I ran from Vesey street, sir. (Tol lol, &c.
From Vesey street I ran so fast,
And beg you'll be so kind, sir ;
As round the house your eyes you cast,
And see if you can find, sir,
A lady fair, who in this place,
In love with me can grow, s r,
Perhaps she'll show her smiling face,
To Billy Wood, the grocer. (Tol lol, &c.

A Sharp Cut For Sly Gallants.

OR, CRIM. CON. PUNISHED.

Tw'as barber Tom one day,
Took home his pretty wife, sir;
And dear, the people say,
He loved her as his life, sir:
Yet Tom, who prized her charms,
Was jealous of his honor;
And so to soothe alarms,
He kept his eye upon her.

La ral la ral lay, la ral la ral laddy.

Then Tom he took a shop,
Right opposite to Kitty;
As folks will sometimes stop
When people's wives are pretty;
Not that he thought she should
With others then be going;
O! no she was too good,
But there—there is no knowing. (La ral la, &c.

Now mark, how busy strife
Stepped in, their joys to hinder,
He found his pretty wife
One day had left the window;
Poor Tom began to rave,
To think how 'twas he missed her,
When in came Dick to shave,
And swore that he had kissed her.

La ral la, ral la, &c.

And so you kissed the dear,
Says Tom—and no harm in it;
Do pray, sir, take a chair,
I'll shave you in a minute;
Your head shall come off clean,
I'll venture to denote, sir;
And then, with razor keen,
He cuts the fellow's throat, sir. (La ral la, &c.

A Wife and Faithful Friend.

Let others yield gay pleasures balm
To mirth and rosy wine;
Oh, give me friendship's sacred balm,
And sweets of love divine.

Then while life's rugged path I rove,
Where joys and cares will blend;
Give me, ye powers! each bliss to prove,
A wife and faithful friend.

With them each charm of life I find:
Dear woman crowns my joys;
With man sincere I feast the mind,
And banish care and noise. (Then while, &c.

The Practical Lover.

I did not purchase for my bride
Rich jeweled rings and costly fans,
But what thought would be her pride,
A set complete of pots and pans.

would not win sweet Jennie's love,
By golden gifts of magic power ;
If she a proper wife would prove,
She would prefer some bags of flour.

I did not play with Jennie's heart,
Nor try to fix it were it fickle ;
But sent mistrusting modern art,
A side of pork for her to pickle.

I did not give her rubies red,
To lend her raven hair relief ;
But what would charm when we were wed—
A good supply of potted beef.

I did not wanton with her love,
That pined to nestle on my breast ;
Just like a drooping, tired dove,
But sent a couch where it could rest.

I did not, when the moon was bright,
'Take Jennie out for tranquil walks ;
But took her—what would more delight—
A dozen each of knives and forks.

I did not send her flowers bright,
Whose brightness, ah ! so quickly wanes,
But sent her, in the darkest night,
A set of sheets and counterpanes.

At so at last our little store
Would furnish well an ivied cot ;
But then—I should have said before—
She jilted me and kept the lot.

Those Tassels on the Boots.

As Sung by Elsie Holt, at the Waverley.

'Twas at a fancy ball I met my charmer fair,
'Midst waltzing swells and dashing belles,
The prettiest dancer there.
I watch'd her while the music play'd
The latest waltz of Coote's,
And fell in love—no! not with her,
With the tassels on her boots!—oh, yes!

Spoken.—Yes, through those little peep-holes in that pretty white petticoat I could plainly see—

Those tassels on the boots,
A style I'm sure that suits
Our Yankee girls with hair in curls,
Those tassels on the boots.

I watched her up the stairs, where we to supper went,
Upon those tassels on her boots, my soul was so intent;
They asked me to propose a health,
Said I, here's one that suits;
So fill your glasses up and drink,
“To the tassels on the boots.”

Spoken.—I meant to dink the ladies' healths, but I could think of nothing else but—

Those tassels, &c.

I asked this girl “if I might call?” she said, “you may,
But tell me why you gaze upon the ground in such a way?”
You're sad, perhaps, for life is full of very bitter fruits.”
“Oh no,” I said, “I'm looking at those tassels on your boots.”

Spoken.—What is a more lovely sight, when you walk down Broadway than to look at—

Those tassels, &c.

I called on her next day, and Cupid's cruel shoots,
Soon made me throw myself before those tassels on her boots.
Now when we're married, and we've got a lot of little toots,
I'll make them, boys or girls, wear tassels on their boots.

Spoken.—If I were to have fifty children they should every one wear those pretty, pretty, pretty—

Those tassels, &c.

The Can-Can.

A girl who lives up our Court,
Served me as she didn't ought;
And made made of me a cruel sport,
Though after her I ran.
She knocked my heart to smithereens,
All for a chap of larger means,
Who made Java coffee out of beans,
While she danced the Can-Can.

CHORUS.

And like a fairy she would glide,
Over the stage from side to side,
While every one with pleasure cried
How well she does the Can-Can.

I used to stand at Union Square,
Just to pick up odd jobs there.
My passion there I did declare,
She told me she loved me.
I never thought that she would jilt,
On wedding her my hopes were built,
I bought the ring—'twas silver gilt,
And cost me one and three.

Yet like a fairy, &c.

One afternoon with feelings gay,
I to her house did go straightway,
I asked her for to name the day,
But oh! what did I see?
My rival on his bended knees,
A giving of her hand a squeeze.
I didn't think it quite the cheese,
It looked so awful free.

Yet like a fairy, &c.

The Can-Can.—[CONCLUDED.]

Said I, indignant, clear up this,
I want an explanation, Miss,
But she says, and gives him such a kiss,
To marry him I mean.
My reasons they are various,
My objections to you serious,
Your living is precarious,
And not like selling beans.

Yet like a fairy, &c.

Now just to think how things go queer,
He married my Sally dear,
She often drops a bitter tear,
And wishes she was free.
He, poor chap, is altered too,
And she a regular tyrant grew,
She whacks him till he's black and blue,
Ain't I glad it isn't me?

Yet like a fairy, &c.

SPOKEN ON THE DOMINANT NOTE.—And it's the way with all of 'em, they're like angels before they're married, but arter the ceremony they turns out on the werry—never mind, as is proved in my sad case, for I assure you once on a time that, (SING)

Like a fairy she would glide,
With a basket by her side,
As along the street she cried,
“How well I does the Can-Can.”

He Was Such a Queer Old Man.

Old Mr. Foss was very stont,
And scarcely three feet high;
His legs were swell'd up with the gout,
And he squinted with each eye.
Rut he long'd to get a wife, good lack
So sought one to trepan;
He'd a monstrous hump upon his back,
He was such a queer old man!

At balls and routs he tried to be
The star of all the stars;
He thought no one so smart as he,
E'en swells with their cigars!
He ogled at each belle he saw,
And leer'd behind each fan;
While the damsels cried with fright—"Oh la!
What an ugly queer old man!"

But yet in spite of all their fun,
His pride they could not cure;
Of charms, he said, the belles, not one
Was any connoisseur.
A rich old dame at last did fix,
Her eyes, his charms to scan,
And with him in the dance did mix,
And pinch'd the queer old man.

Her legs were bent just like two bows,
Being spoil'd while out at nurse;
But yet a charm she could disclose,
In a thumping well-fill'd purse!
So Foss he vow'd to court her straight,
And at nigh, in her sedan,
He went home with her *tete-a-tete*,
Although such a queer old man!

What vows he made I cannot say,
But ever from that night,
The humpback'd man and her so gay,
Together met the sight!
He said he was a rich old cove,
So did her heart trepan;
She vow'd that him she'd only love,
So got *spliced* to the queer old man!

Next day he brought home to his spouse,
Twelve little brats, good lack!
Who quickly settled in the house,
And each had a hump on his back!

He Was Such a Queer Old Man.—[CONCLUDED.]

They squinted all, and with each eye
With fear she did them scan ;
Each hobbled, and with mouth awry,
Just like the queer old man.

"Whose brats are these?" the lady cries,
With looks not quite divine ;
"Look at their *beauty*," Foss replies,
"And then you'll know *they're mine*."

I wanted one the lot to keep.
And fill their kites with scran ;"
"And what are you?" "A journeyman sweep,"
Exclaimed the queer old man !

The lady fainted at the news,
And made a woful noise ;
A dreadful *knot* was wedlock's noose,
And *crooked* went her joys !
With grief that night she hang'd herself,
Pity her all who can ;
While all her goods and all her pelf
Were nail'd by the queer old man.

Lassie With the Hazel Eye.

There is a lass I dearly love
In all the world all else above ;
She is the spirit of my dreams,
And through the day it ever seems
That her sweet presence beautifies
Each scene that meets my longing eyes. '

CHORUS.

Oh ! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye :
Oh ! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye.

Though I may roam on land or sea
My trusting heart will ever be
With one who is my guiding star,
Whose rays shine on me from afar,
And make life's pathway ever clear,
Which otherwise were dark and drear—

Oh ! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye,
Lassie with the hazel eye :
Oh ! I'm forever haunted by
The lassie, lassie with the hazel eye.

The Clown's Odd Sweetheart.

A comical lass I went to woo,
She had a good face and a fortune, too ;
She had but one eye, one arm, and one leg,
But a monstrous handsome wooden peg!

Spoken.—But the leg and the *harm* were two to one in my favor ; and the eye, you know, enabled me to get on the blind side of her

Fal de ral, &c.

She'd one golden guinea, one silver crown,
One hat, one cap, one cloak, one gown,
One table, one chair, one three-legged stool,
One basin for holding gooseberry fool!

Spoken.—And I'm monstrous fond of that, it's the pleasantest kind of fool there is ;—I wish I had a large basin full now, I would so—

[Fal de ral, &c.

One kettle she had, without a spout,
One saucepan with one bottom out ;
One knife, fork, spoon, one dish, one plate,
One ladle, with which she broke my pate!

Spoken.—She wasn't content with making an impression upon my heart, but she must make one on my head too ; and she did give me such a—

Fal de ral, &c.

I Beg You Won't do That.

I have a simple tale to tell,
And yet of some import ;
And, therefore, hope you'll mind it well,
Nor turn it into sport :
A young man woos me night and day,
And thinks I heed his chat ;
O, no!—but then, don't tell him, pray ;
I beg you won't do that.

The fool is ever at my call,
And where I am, will be ;
Nay, should my fan or thimble fall,
Must pick it up for me.
Was ever proud man brought so low,
Such trifling to be at ?
Sure not!—but then, don't tell him so ;
I beg you won't do that.

The artful creature's bought a ring,
And says, I know what for ;
But this I tell the silly thing,
“ All bondage I abhor.”
And, as for marriage, no, no, no,
He shall not catch me at ;
But then,—O, pray, don't tell him so ;
I beg you won't do that.

Doctor Anthony Brown.

There lived in a country town
A doctor, named Anthony Brown,
Who, as he got nothing by trade,
Made love to a wealthy old maid,
So ugly she hadn't a charm,
But her purse was as long as my arm
What a bait for Doctor Brown!

One day, with a grace debonair,
He asked for a lock of her hair;
Says she, you embarrass me quite,
Doctor Brown, you're so very polite,
She gave it, and he was all gig,
But soon found 'twas a lock of her wig;
What a dose for Doctor Brown.

Her teeth, all so white, he'd declare,
Made amends for the loss of her hair;
She fancied the tooth-ache by way,
Of seeing the Doctor one day,
When her teeth were all false, he said,
For she'd but a colt's tooth in her head,
Which fastened on Doctor Brown.

Fine sonnets he wrote on her eyes,
And praised them up to the skies;
But the day he his passion declared
A thing happened at which he stared,
Whilst she ogled the Doctor, alas!
Out tumbled a peeper of glass;
What a sparkler! quoth Doctor Brown.

One hand fixed on with a screw,
Her legs wasn't a pair, though two;
But the Doctor, who courted her purse,
He took her for better or worse;
And their child was born, or they lie,
With a wig, wooden hand, and glass eye.

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
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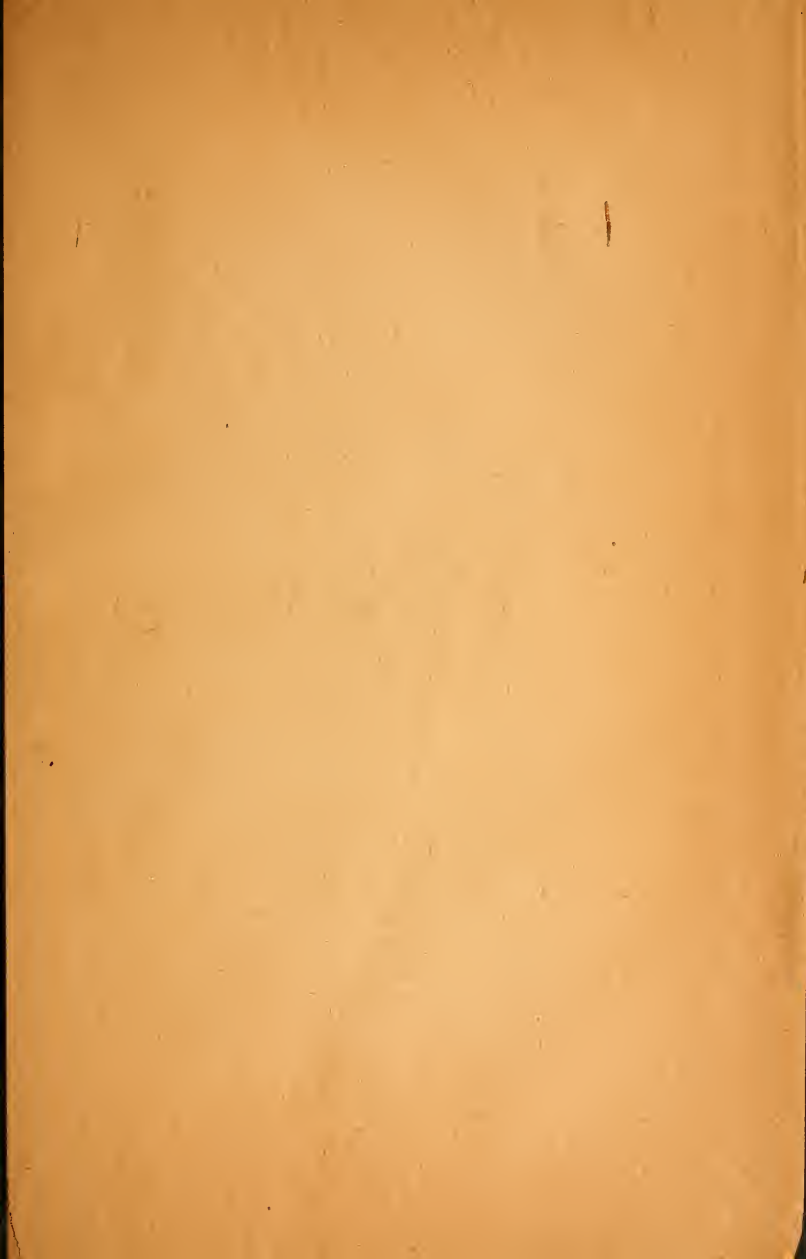
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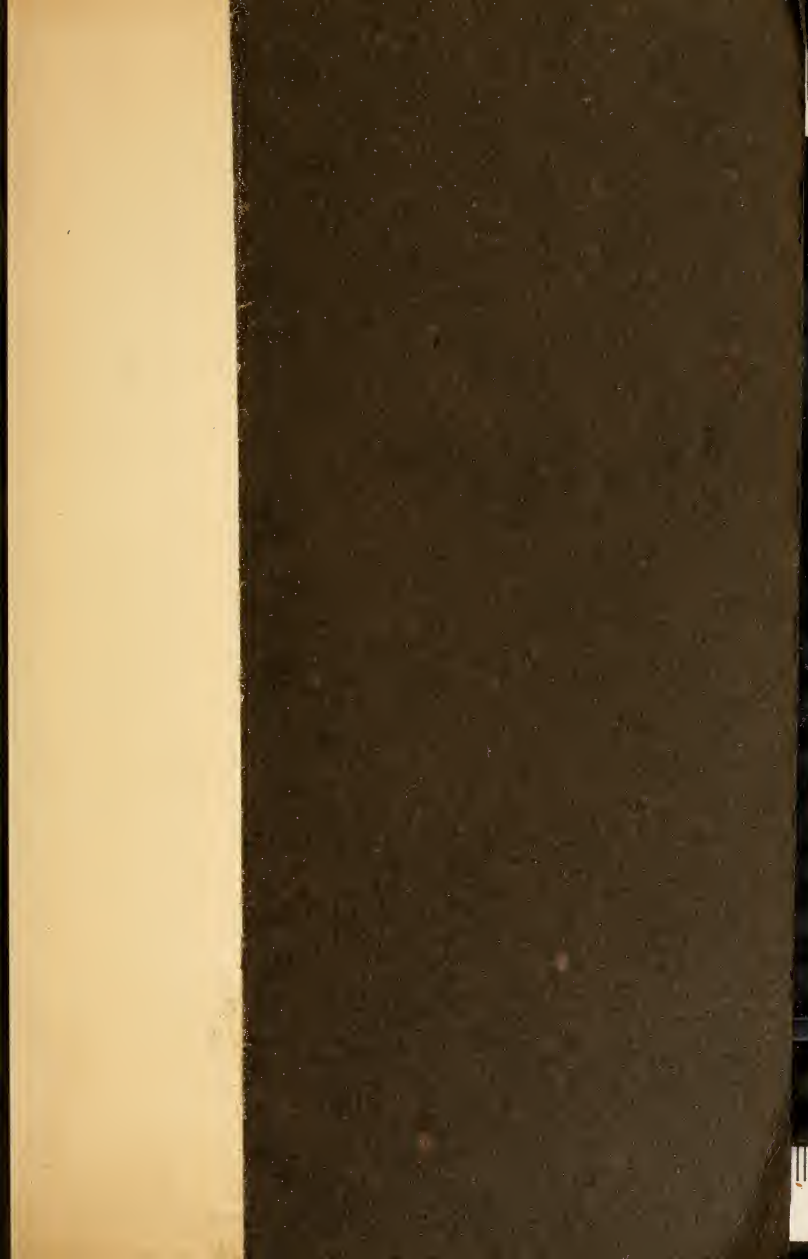












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